

1076. 4. 8 #12
T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F

Lawrence Lazy.

CONTAINING

His Birth and slothful Breeding; how he served the Schoolmaster, his Wife, the Squire's Cook, and the Farmer; which by the Laws of Lubberland was accounted High Treason. -- His Arraignment and Trial; and happy Deliverance from the many Treasons laid to his charge.



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THE
H I S T O R Y
O F
Lawrence Lazy.

C H A P. I.

Of his Birth and heavy Breeding; and of
his being carried to School.

SIR Lawrence Lazy, Governor of Lub-
berland castle in the county of Sloth,
married a fair and beautiful Lady, named
Katherine Sloth, by whom he had one
son, whom he called after his own name.

—It is to be observed, that at his birth he
was not only the wonder of the women
present, but also the astonishment and
grief of his indulgent parents; for as it
is usual for children to come crying in-
to the world, some struggling; this had
no manner of motion, either by limb or
voice, but like a heavy lump he lay with-
out any signs of motion, neither could he
at any time open his mouth to be fed

without help. It is true he throve in flesh, but never would take to his feet. In the place where they laid him there they found him. Moreover his chief delight was as he grew up to sleep in his cloaths, and especially if he could but get a pil-



low in the chimney corner, there he would lie to his satisfaction; by which means he had almost lost his name of Lawrence, most of the servants calling him Lob-lie-by-the fire; at which his parents were much offended, and sharply reproved the servants who gave him that nick-name. He must be called Lawrence,

forasmuch as his name did agree with his qualities, and his qualities with his name.

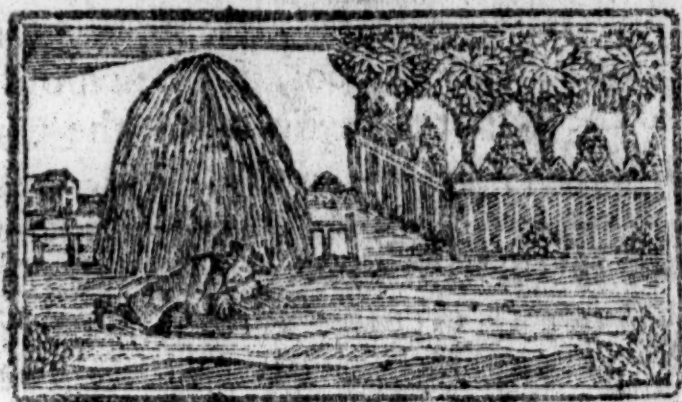
Now the lady his mother, on a certain day said to his father, Let us put our son to the boarding school, for between the help of his learning, and pleasant company of young scholars, he may be made to be both lively and active. His father consented thereto, so that he was forthwith carried to school. for he would not go; the father agreeing with the master for his son's board and education, earnestly desired he might have the liberty to walk forth with the scholars in the shady groves every evening for his recreation. This was agreed upon, and his parents returned home, leaving him to the care of his new master.

C H A P. II.

Of Lawrence's falling a sleep in a Grove, and so losing his Walking Mates. Of his meeting with an old Man, who gave him a Charm, with which he wrought many wonders.

NOW, according to agreement, Lawrence was allowed to walk with

several young scholars in the field, where-upon a certain night he happened to stray from the rest of the company, where among some haycocks he fell into a dead sleep. The night coming on, and his companions having sought him in vain, they were forced to return home without him: what account they gave of him to



his master, I have not heard, nevertheless Lawrence at last awaked, and beheld an ancient man, with white locks and a lean visage coming towards him, so he arose, and in a sluggish manner he went to meet him.—How, now, my pretty lad, said the ancient man, what makes you so late in this lonely place? Marry, quoth Lawrence, I have lost my company, and by that means am left.—My son, quoth the

old man enough they have left thee, I have found thee and will be no small friend to thee, if thou wilt follow my directions. I know in the first place, thou art the sorrow of thy parents, and the wonder of the world through the melancholy lazy sloth which has attended thee ever since thou first came into the world, and because thou shalt not be the only person given to laziness, I will furnish thee with a charm, which shall enable thee to make others five times more lazy than thyself. And thereupon he presented him with a red ring, saying, whenever thou shalt put this on thy finger, all men, women, and children, on whom thou lookest, shall become as half dead; through heavy sleep, which shall then sieze them, and they shall continue so during thy pleasure; and the charm shall be broken by drawing the ring from thy finger, when thou shalt see fit. Be sure, my son, said he, to make use of the same, and it will stand thee in great stead, in every time of trouble.—Lawrence received this gift thankfully, and after having crossed the old man's hand with a grey groat, they parted very friendly, and

Lawrence returned home, though late in the night, to his school; where his master threatened to chastise him in the morning severely for his misdemeanor.

C H A P. III.

How Lawrence served his Master, and then made his Escape.

Lawrence finding what his master had said, made no great haste to rise the next morning; wherefore, when the school was full, the master in his place, and the scholars round him, Lawrence was sent for, who was brought in, led between two. At which time his master commanded him to be horsed, in order to give him correction; but Lawrence sily putting on his ring, just as he was taken upon the boy's back, he first cast his eyes on the master, and then upon the whole school, by which means they all became in the twinkling of an eye so stupified in their senses, that they fell into a profound sleep, where they all lay, while Lawrence sit in his place, laughing at the wonderful

effects of this ring. At length his mistress coming across the yard with a hot mess of his master's, he looked upon her, and immediately she fell down, broke the bason, spilt the posset, and continued sleeping whilst he made this verse, which he left:

My master he did threaten me,
But I am much mistaken,
If I have not my freedom got,
And fairly sav'd my bacon.

This done, dreading what might follow, he took his flight, and at his going off he drew the ring, which broke the charm, so they returned again to their senses, and upon finding the verses, they concluded that Lawrence had surely bewitched them, and if it were possible he could be found, he should be severely punished for the same.

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

Of his causing a Gentleman's Cook to
lose his Place.

NOW Lawrence having left the said school, and betaking himself unto travel, without either meat or money, at last he grew extremely hungry, and calling at a gentleman's house, hoping to get some refreshment, the cook told him he had nothing for him. Why, said Lawrence, here are great preparations made for feasting. It is true, said the cook, our master is gone to be married, and I am getting ready the wedding dinner; nevertheless, it is not to feast such idle knaves as you.—On this Lawrence put on his ring, then casting his eyes on the cook, and the rest of the servants, there was no more business minded. One fell asleep here, and another there; there was nobody left awake to wind up the jack, or baste the meat; the fowls at the fire were soon burnt up to a coal. Quoth Lawrence to himself, So now their master will have anne dinner when he comes home,

with his new bride and the rest of his friends. Lawrence found something to fill his belly, and then sit down and made the following verse:

Poor Lawrence was here,
And beheld this good cheer,
And crav'd with a sorrowful look,
To have a bit,
Yet none could he get,
Wherefore I have fitted the cook.

When he had thus done, he locked up the gates, and threw the keys over the wall, and then walked to and fro upon the green before the house, till the bridegroom with his attendance returned, who finding the gates locked, and although they knocked vehemently, they could get no entrance, so were forced to send for a smith to open the same. When as they entered they found their servants all asleep, and their dinner burnt and spoiled at the fire, which put the bridegroom into a great passion. So then Lawrence drew off the ring, the charm broke and the cook was able to speak for himself; Sir said he, a young man, whom they call

ence, came nither, and I am persuaded that by him we are all bewitched. Then Lawrence and you may go to the devil together, replied the master, for you shall stay no longer with me; so he turned him out of doors, and made shift for a dinner at the tavern.

CH A P. V.

The Trick he served a Country Farmer, who would not give him the least Morfel of Meat.

SOON after Lawrence, in his travels came to a corn field, where a farmer and his harvest folks were sitting under a hedge row at dinner.—Much good may it do you, said Lawrence, will you give a young traveller a drop of your drink, and a morsel of your meat.—No, said the farmer, I would sooner send you to the whipping-post, a punishment provided for such vagabonds as you.—Sayest thou so, said Lawrence, if I am not soon even with you, then let my name never more be called Lawrence; so putting on his ring, and looking at them, the far-

mer and all his folks fell fast asleep with the dinners before them, and the victuals in their mouths. Lawrence then filled his belly, and left them snoring. He was hardly got off the field, before it fell a raining, and so continued the remaining part of that day and night, and even till the next morning. At which time he returned to the field and found them all asleep as he had left them, and also like drowned rats. Then he wrote the following short verse, broke the charm, and made his escape:

You threatened Lawrence but of late,

Therefore he brought on you this fate.

Now being come to themselves finding by the verse, that Lawrence had been the cause of this, the farmer vowed, if he ever lighted on him he should be made a public example, for the trick he had put upon them.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

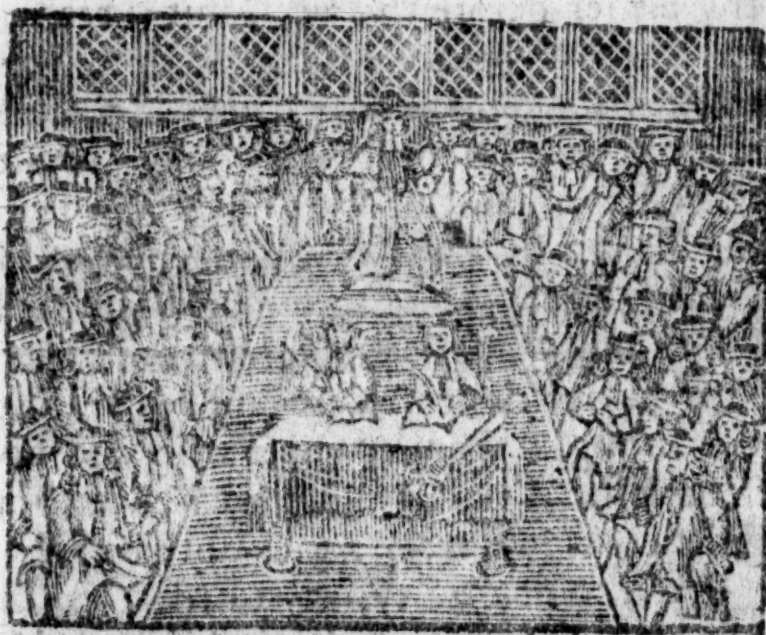
Lawrence is taken and sent to Lubberland Castle.

SO Lawrence in a short time grew so notorious, by the many exploits that he had wrought on those who had affronted him, that at length there were warrants issued out for apprehending him, though they proved fruitless and to no purpose, he being protected by his ring; for no sooner did they come to seize him, but he overcame them with laziness, so that he gained his liberty.—But being one night at an inn, and in his merry cups, he told the landlord by what power he did all those wonderful things, and thereupon let him see his ring, which the innkeeper snatched out of his hand, and sending for an officer, he was bound and carried to Lubberland Castle, of which his father was Governor, there to continue till the assizes, and then to be tried for all his villainies.

CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

Lawrence's Trial in the Town-Hall of
Never-Work; and of his coming off
at last with flying colours.



ON the seventh day of the ninth
month, the trial of Lawrence Lazy,
in the town hall of Never-Work, before
the Right Honourable William Baxter,
Judge of the Court; and Sir James Bax-
ter, Recorder; Peter Widgeon, Cryer.

The court being set, the prisoner was called to the bar, and silence commanded.

Cryer. Lawrence Lazy, hold up your hand, Thou standest here indicted of High Treason, by the name of Lawrence Lazy of the County of Sloth, in the Town of Never Work. Whereas thou art a false and vile traitor, not having the fear of thy father before thy eyes, but stirred up by the instigation of old Ralph, hast wickedly and maliciously, at sundry times endeavoured to overthrow and disquiet the Government of Our Sovereign Lord the King, by stupifying the senses of his loyal subjects, by bringing on them such a sloth and idleness, that it hath endangered not only their welfare and health, but also brought them to utter ruin and destruction. What sayest thou? Art thou guilty of these treasons, or not guilty?

Law. Not Guilty, my Lord.

Cryer. By whom wilt thou be tried?

Law. By a jury of twelve men, and the known laws of Lubberland.

Cryer. I wish thee a good deliverance, O yes, O yes, O yes, all manner of persons who have been wronged by the prisoner at the bar, let them come in, and

they shall be heard, for he stands on the deliverance of life and death.

Clerk of the Crown: Call over the jury, David Dunsable, Henry Heartless, Samuel Sousecrown, Simon Smellsmock, Ralph Rattlehead, Benjamin Bellycock, Jonas Gingerly, Giles Gambler, Barnaby Bottlenose, and Francis Fumbler. Twelve good men and true, stand all of you together and hear the evidence.

Judge Jobson, Let them all stand, six on one side, and six on the other, for their better hearing.

Attorney General. Gentlemen of the Jury, you have all heard the indictment read, touching the treasonable practice of the prisoner at the bar, which we doubt not but to prove upon him; and if so, you must find him guilty; and then we shall enquire what goods and chattles he is now possessed of, and when he committed those treasons.—And if you find him not guilty, then ye shall enquire whether he fled? and if he did not fly, ye shall say so and no more. And therefore now hearken to the evidences.

Cryer. Call Mr. Penman, (M. Penman called and sworn.) Mr. Penman, you

must tell my Lord what treasons you know already to have been committed by the prisoner at the bar.

Mr. Penman. My Lord, the prisoner at the bar was my scholar, and when I was about to correct him for misdemeanors, by some cunning craft he stupified our senses, and overcome us with such sloth and laziness, that we were not able to stir hand or foot, but we were laid like so many senseless stocks and stones upon the ground. Moreover, he wrote some lines to upbraid me with what he had done.

Judge. Set Mr. Penman aside.

Cryer. Call Mrs. Penman. (Mrs. Penman called and sworn.) Mrs. Penman, you are to tell my Lord what treasons you know committed by the prisoner at the bar.

Mrs. Penman. My Lord, on that very morning that my husband suffered by the prisoner at the bar, I was coming across the garden, with a hot breakfast for my husband, the prisoner at the bar cast an eye upon me, at which time such a fit of laziness seized me in every limb, so severely, that I could not stand, but fell

to the ground, sprained my leg, broke the bason, and spilt the posset.

Law. I desire Mr. Penman may be asked how he knows that I wrote the verse of which he speaks; in regard he says, they weré all like senseless stocks and stones.

Judge. Lawrence, will you deny your own hand?

Law. I deny nothing, but it is your business to prove it.

Cryer. Call Mr. Dripping the Cook. (Mr. Dripping called and sworn.)

Mr. Dripping. tell my Lord what you know of the prisoner at the bar.

Mr. Dripping. My Lord, when the Squire my master was gone to be married, and I left at home to dress the dinner, the prisoner at the bar came into the kitchen, and at his approach in the twinkling of an eye, I was taken with a gaping, stretching, reaching, and yawning, which was followed with so much lazy sloth, that I was not able to proceed on my business, and for want of winding up the jack the pig was scorched and burned to a cinder; and the capons to a coal; nay, and myself, with all the rest of the

servants were laid snoring in the middle of the kitchen, insomuch that when my master came home, and found me in that pickle, he was not only in a passion, but likewise kicked me out of his service. — And all this I suffered by the treasonable practices of the prisoner.

Law. My Lord, it is no wonder for a fat greazy cook to be lazy: and therefore it is very hard that I should be called in question for it. Perhaps he had been down in the cellar, and drinking his master and lady's health, he might stupefy his senses.

Judge. Lawrence, this is a cunning fetch of your own, but it will not avail you any thing, in regard you are noted for a promoter of sloth and laziness.

Cryer. Call Mr. Wheatly the farmer.

Mr. Wheatly called and sworn.

Cryer. Mr. Wheatly, inform my Lord what you know concerning the prisoner at the bar.

Mr. Wheatly. My Lord, as I was dining with my harvest folks in the corn-field the prisoner at the bar came, and would have had me given him meat and drink, which I refused to do; on which

he immediately, by what means I know not, threw us all into such a slothful fit of laziness, that we did not only neglect our forenoon's work, but lay sleeping all night in dismal showers of rain, which made us all look like drowned rats in the morning.

Judge. Lawrence you have heard the evidence, which is very full against you.

Law. My Lord, they are very large in their charge against me; but there is nothing proved. Besides, I can call many to my reputation.

The first that was called was Tom Atwood, a Weaver's eldest prentice, who addressing himself to the court, spoke thus:

My Lord, I have known Lawrence for some time, and do take him to be one of the best friends we 'prentices ever had: for my Lord, I live with Mr. Shuttle the weaver, and if it was not for Lawrence, I should have been worked to death; but he takes a walk with my master sometimes, by which means I, as well as many other 'prentices, lay hold of some refreshing pleasures: Wherefore I hope

this honourable court will be favourable to him; for he is a good man.

Then strait there rushed into the court a numerous train of shoemakers, glovers and taylor's apprentices, together with all the tribes of the building trade, making most earnest and humble supplication to the court in behalf of Lawrence, saying, That if he died they would all go into mourning for him; for he had ever been a friend to poor 'prentices, in several cases to tedious to mention; and therefore they hoped the gentlemen of the jury and the court would do their best endeavours to bring him off clear.

Judge. Gentlemen of the Jury, you have heard the evidence against the prisoner at the bar, and it may be expected that I should sum it up, to bring it fresh into your memories; but as you are men of sense and understanding, I shall say the less, yet give me leave to put you in mind of some of the most remarkable treasons that have been witnessed against him.— You have all heard what Mr. Penman said concerning his being laid by him into a deep sleep; and his wife, who sprained her leg, broke the bason, and

spilt the posset. Next Mr. Dripping's complaint, who declares, That through him the fat pig was burnt to a cinder, and the fowls to a coal; and he himself kicked out of his service. And lastly, Mr. Wheatley the farmer, whose sufferings were none of the least; and therefore, gentlemen of the Jury, I think in my opinion, you cannot but bring him in Guilty.

The Jury went out half an hour, and then returned again.

At. Gen. Gentlemen of the Jury, are you agreed in your verdict?

Jury. Yes.

At. Gen. Who shall say for you?

Jury. Our Foreman.

At. Gen. Look you upon the prisoner at the bar; is he guilty of the treason, laid to his charge, or not Guilty.

Foreman. Not Guilty.

At. Gen. And so say you all?

Jury. Yes.

At. Gen. Did he fly?

Jury. No.

At. Gen. Gentlemen of the jury, the Court discharges you.

At the word No, there was a general shout of acclamation; and the evening was spent in ringing of bells, bonfires, &c. for the happy deliverance of Lawrence Lazy.

Tho' many ow'd to him a grudge,
Yet they were ne'er the near;
The Jury satisfy'd the Judge,
And set poor Lawrence clear.

10 JUL 52

F I N I S.



